

WAR FRONT FURY  BATTLEFIELD ADVENTURES

G.I. COMBAT

QUALITY
COMICS
PUBLICATION

APRIL

No. 23

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10c

BEACHHEAD
INFERNO

UNSEEN
ENEMY

No Grandstand
In Hell

FURLOUGH
TRAP





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BEACHHEAD INFERNO

NOBODY EXPECTED THE MARINE LANDINGS AT YAT CHI TO BE SIMPLE! THE REDS WERE TOO FIRMLY DUG IN BETWEEN THE MOUNTAINS AND THE SEA... BOLSTERED BY HEAVY ARTILLERY... SUPPLIED BY A RAILROAD FROM MANCHURIA! BUT NOBODY ANTICIPATED THE BLOODY STORM THAT MET THE INVADERS THAT CRIMSON DAY! AND NOBODY COULD HALT THE FRIGHTFUL SLAUGHTER BUT TWO MEN... WHO HATED EACH OTHER AS SAVAGELY AS THEY HATED THE REDS!



The
ASSAULT
ON YAT CHU
WAS OPENED
BEFORE DAWN
BY THE BIG
GUNS OF THE
U.N. BATTLE-
WAGONS
WHOSE
SLAMMING
THUNDER
JARRED SEA
AND SKY AND
PAINTED THE
LOW-HANGING
CLOUDS
WITH
BLOOD!



THEN THE ROCKET-LAUNCHERS
CLICKED
AND SHARLED AND A NEW STORM
OF DEATH WENT HOWLING SHOREWARD!



EVEN A WANDERING BRITISH
SUBMARINE, PERHAPS DRAWN
BY THE SCENT OF BLOOD, SUR-
FACED TO ADD ITS FUEL TO THE
FIRES OF HELL ON YAT CHU
BEACH!



WHERE THE BOMBARDMENT
STRUCK, EARTH AND SKY
BLENDED INTO ONE VAST CUR-
TAIN OF FLAMING DEATH AND
DESTRUCTION!



OLD WHERE THE TRANSPORTS
WAITED, IT SEEMED TO THE
MARINES THAT NO LIVING ENEMY
COULD SURVIVE SUCH CON-
CENTRATED FURY!



DON'T KID
YOURSELF,
MURPH! WHEN
IT'S ALL OVER
THE LITTLE
RATS WILL
COME POUR-
ING OUT OF THE
CRACKS BY THE
THOUSANDS!

WITH GRAY DAWN THE BOMBARDMENT
INTENSIFIED, WHILE CORSAIRS AND
THUNDER JETS SCREAMED UP FROM THE
CARRIERS!



THEIR
WAS A
MORE
SELECTIVE
KILLING
JOB... TO
SEEK OUT
AND
DESTROY
THE HIDING
PLACES
MISSED BY
THE BIG
GUNS OF
THE
FLEET!



ON THE TRANSPORTS THE MARINES STOOD UP, SETTLING GEAR, MURMURING QUIET PRAYERS, REACHING FOR A CUP OF COFFEE THAT MIGHT BE ANY MAN'S LAST TASTE OF LIFE!

HERE IT IS, YOU LEATHER-NECKS...HOT AS THE SPOT YOU'RE HITTING AND STRONG AS YOU'D BETTER BE TO HOLD IT!



OH, NO! ONE CUPPA COFFEE LEFT AND IT HAS TO GET BETWEEN YOU TWO!

YOU HANDED IT TO ME!

IN A PIG'S EYE!



NOW, NOW, DON'T START SLUGGING HERE! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK WITH TWO CUPS! SAVE YOUR FIGHTING FOR THE BEACHHEAD!

I'M SAVING THE BEST OF IT FOR THIS APE!



LOOK, STUPID, WE'RE IN A WAR! AFTER THE BEACHHEAD IS SECURED WE CAN MEET SOMEWHERE FOR OUR PARTY!

FINE! WE'LL BOTH WALK THERE...BUT ONLY ONE OF US'LL WALK BACK!



GET YOUR BIG FOOT OUTA MY FACE!

WAS THAT YOUR FACE? I THOUGHT IT WAS A BARNACLE ON THE HULL!



THIS IS A BIG CRAFT! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF CROWDING ME?

I'M STICKING CLOSE TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T PICK UP A SLUG SO YOU CAN WIGGLE OUT OF OUR FIGHT!



DAN MURPHY AND RED HALLORAN HAD BEEN FRIENDS ONCE, IN THE SAME MIDWESTERN TOWN! WHAT TURNED THEM INTO ENEMIES WAS A MYSTERY THEY REFUSED TO REVEAL!



OOO! SLUG HIM, RED!

HIT HIM AGAIN, DANNY!

AS THEY GREW OLDER, THEY FOUGHT OVER GIRLS... BUT CURIOUSLY, THEY WERE SO EVENLY MATCHED THAT NEITHER EVER REALLY WON!

SO THAT'S WHY YOU TWO WERE LATE! WELL, IF YOU THINK I'M GOING TO THE DANCE WITH TWO HOODLUMS, YOU'RE CRAZY!



ONLY ONCE DID THEY FIGHT WITH GLOVES, AT A HOMETOWN ATHLETIC CLUB GYM!



BREAK IT UP! BREAK IT UP!

THIS IS THE LAST TIME YOU'LL BOX HERE! WE DO THIS FOR SPORT, NOT MURDER! CLEAR OUT, BOTH OF YOU!



WHEN THE KOREAN WAR STARTED, DAN SLIPPED AWAY TO A NEIGHBORING CITY AND JOINED THE MARINES!

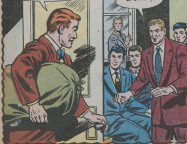
WELCOME TO THE MARINES, MURPHY! TAKE YOUR BAG INTO THE OTHER ROOM AND WAIT WITH THE REST OF THE RECRUITS!

YES, SIR!



IT'LL BE A PLEASURE NOT TO SEE THAT UGLY FACE OF... YOU!

ARGHHH! DO YOU HAFTA FOLLOW ME AROUND LIKE A GOAT?



GOAT, AM I, YOU HORSE-FACED BABBOON?

I APOLOGIZE... TO THE GOAT FAMILY!

HERE, HERE...!



GAHH! THIS IS GONNA BE A JOLLY PARTY, BETWEEN THE REDS AND THEM TWO; I WAS HOPING THEY'D BE IN DIFFERENT BOATS!

FAT CHANCE! THEY STICK TO EACH OTHER, JUST SO'S THEY CAN GET IN A PUNCH WHEN THE SARGE AIN'T LOOKIN'!



WHAT'S EATIN' THEM, ANYHOW? THEY'RE SWELL JOES WITH EVERYBODY ELSE, BUT THEY SURE HATE EACH OTHER'S GUTS!

I AST ONCE AND THEY BOTH JUMPED ME! BLAMED IF I KNOW!



ALL THE ASSAULT WAVE NEARED THE BEACH THE BOMBARDMENT CEASED AND A SILENCE LIKE DEATH STILLED THE QUIVERING AIR!

GET ASHORE AND GET FLAT! DON'T LET THE QUIET FOOL YOU! THEY'RE THERE AND WAITING!



THE DUMP'S AS EMPTY AS YOUR HEAD!

AND AS MESSED UP AS YOUR FACE IS GONNA BE!



THEN THE QUIET BROKE INTO SCREAMING FURY AS THE ENTRENCHED REDS POURED OUT!



KILL! KILL WARMONGERS! AIEEEE!

GEDDOWN, DOPEY! ARE YOU TRYIN' TO GET WOUNDED SO YOU DONT HAFTA FIGHT ME?



YOU GET DOWN! YOUR FAT HEAD IS A BIGGER TARGET!

LET THE TANKS THROUGH, THEN FALL IN BEHIND FOR COVER!



BEHIND THE CLANKING ARMOR, THE MARINES MOVE UP THE BEACH!

WE'RE MAKING BETTER TIME THAN I FIGURED!

YEAH! WE CAN GET AT OUR PRIVATE BUSINESS AHEAD OF SCHEDULE!



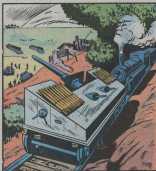
BUT OUT WHERE THE STAFF WATCHED THE OPERATION ROLL ON, THERE WAS LESS OPTIMISM!

I DON'T LIKE IT! THE REDS AREN'T HOLDING ON LIKE THEY SHOULD!

I AGREE, COLONEL! IT'S ALMOST AS IF THEY'RE FALLING BACK TO SUCK OUR MEN INTO A TRAP!



Then suddenly from the woods behind YAT CHI came the answer... A FANTASTIC RAILROAD FORTRESS, ARMORED AND ARMED!



AGAINST THE HEAVY GUN AND ROCKETS, OUR LIGHT TANKS WERE LIKE CARD-BOARD TOYS!

DIG IN! DIG IN AND HANG ON! I'M CALLING FOR NAVAL ARTILLERY ON THAT ROLLING FORT!



BUT IT WASN'T THAT EASY! WITH THE FIRST PROBING RANGE-SEEKING SHELL, THE LOCO-MOTIVE BEGAN PULLING BACK!

MISSED...AND THEY'RE HAULING IT BACK INTO THE WOODS!

THE RATS! THEY'LL WAIT UNTIL WE QUIT FIRING AND THEN POP OUT AGAIN TO DO MORE DAMAGE!

THE SERGEANT WAS RIGHT! AN HOUR'S BLIND BOMBARDMENT OF THE FOREST BROUGHT NOTHING!

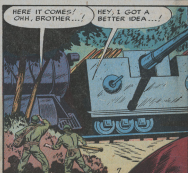
IT'S NO USE! I COULDN'T SPOT THE QUEEN MARY IN THAT WOODS!



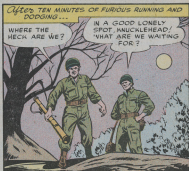
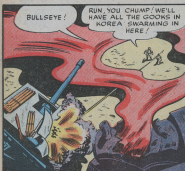
THERE IT COMES AGAIN! THAT MONSTER CAN PLAY HIDE-AND-SEEK FOR DAYS ON THAT TRACK... UNLESS...

NOW YOU'RE STEALING THE VERY IDEAS OUT OF MY MIND, ARE YOU? I THOUGHT OF IT FIRST!





G.I. COMBAT



AS RED HALLORAN'S GRIP RELAXED, DAN SUDDENLY TRIPPED HIS ANCIENT FOE!

HEY! YOU DIRTY, DOUBLE-CROSSING...



FATHEAD!

CHISELER!

THIS PROVE WHAT COMRADE LEADERS SAY... ALL AMERICANS ARE STUPID WAR-MONGERS!



WHEN THE TWO MARINES MOVED INTO ACTION, IT WAS IN PERFECT UNISON, THOUGH NO HINT HAD BEEN EXCHANGED!

HOT DOG! LET'S GIVE 'EM A HOTFOOT!

YEEEE!



IN A MOMENT IT WAS OVER...

YUH KNOW, MONKEY FACE, WE MAKE A PRETTY GOOD TEAM!

YEAH, APE SHULL! EACH OF US ALWAYS KNOWS WHAT TRICK THE OTHER'S PLANNING! FUNNY, ISN'T IT!



I'LL TELL YOU ONE FUNNIER, DAN! I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER WHAT WE STARTED OUT FIGHTING OVER WHEN WE WERE KIDS!

I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU! I CAN'T REMEMBER EITHER, RED! I GUESS WE'RE JUST SO EVENLY MATCHED WE KEPT TRYING TO SNEAK AHEAD!

SILLY, WASN'T IT?

YEAH!

GUGGH!



EITHER I'M SEEN! THINGS OR THE WAR'S OVER!

DON'T HID YOURSELF, SARGE! JUST DIG US UP SOME MORE GOOKS AND WE'LL SHOW YOU!



THREE MEN AGAINST A MOUNTAIN OF RED MIGHT! THAT'S WHAT THE TRIO OF G.I.'S WERE CONFRONTED WITH WHEN THEY MATCHED WITS WITH THE RED'S CLEVEREST AGENT! SOMEHOW, SOME WAY THEY MUST BREAK CLEAR OF THE TRAP... FOR IF THEY DIDN'T AN ARSENAL OF COMMIE POWER WOULD REMAIN POISED LIKE A DAGGER OVER ITALIAN SOIL!

FURLOUGH TRAP



WHA...?

THEY BLEW UP THE BRIDGE! GREAT HANNAH! WE'RE TRAPPED IN VANTO'S MOUNTAIN FORTRESS!

GET GOING! DO SOMETHING! THEY'RE OPENING UP ON US!

AS THE EXPRESS PULLS INTO NAPLES, ITALY...

YAHOO! A THREE DAY FURLOUGH AWAY FROM ARMY ROUTINE! I'M GONNA STUFF MYSELF WITH VINO AND SPAGET AND FALL ASLEEP HIGH UP ON ONE OF THE HILLS!

TWO DAYS OF FURLOUGH, BUSTER! REMEMBER, IT TOOK US A DAY TO GET HERE ON THE TRAIN!



SUDDENLY...

SUFFERING CAT-FISH! LOOK... THAT'S VANTO'S OR I'LL EAT MY FATIGUES!

YEAH... I'LL BE A MONKEY'S UNCLE!

WHY, THAT MISERABLE RAT! HE IS STILL FREE!



THIS IS WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR SINCE THE KOREAN WAR! I'M GONNA BUST THAT BUM INTO A HUNDRED PIECES!

WAIT! HOLD IT, SANDY!

EASY, EASY, BOY!



DON'T YA SEE... THE MILITARY COURTS WERE LOOKIN' FOR VANTOS! HE'S BEEN HIDING OUT AND TEN TO ONE IS UP TO SOMETHIN' ROTTEN RIGHT NOW! WE OUGHT TO FOLLOW HIM... FIND HIS HIDEOUT... HIS PALS!

YEAH, YOU'RE RIGHT, EDDIE! A SNAKE LIKE THAT COULDN'T GO STRAIGHT IF HE HAD TO! LET'S GO!



I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT DAY OUTSIDE OF CHIWAN! VANTOS SURE PUT IT OVER ON US! IT'S JUST A MIRACLE WE GOT OUT ALIVE!

C'MON, IN THE CAB... HE'S DRIVING OFF!



AMERICANS! AMERICAN SOLDIERS!



THAT BIG PHONY GRIN OF HIS... I CAN SEE IT NOW!

ENEMY SOLDIERS! THERE IS A PLATOON OF THEM HIDING UP IN THE HILLS! COME QUICKLY... I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE THEY ARE!

THANKS, PAL! LET'S GO, GANG!



YEAH, WE FOUND THE ENEMY ALL RIGHT... WE WERE SET UP FOR THEM LIKE SITTING DUCKS AS WE WALKED BETWEEN THE TWO HILLS!

A-A TRAP!



ONLY A NEARBY LEDGE SAVED OUR NECKS... NO THANKS TO VANTOS THE RED AGENT!

GUS, EDDIE... IN HERE!



THEN, AS SERGEANT SANDY DRAKE SNAPS OUT OF HIS GRIM REVERIE....

SO THE WAR'S OVER AN' WE'RE TOP KICKS NOW... BUT THAT DOESN'T CHANGE THAT BUM'S YELLOW STRIPES!

WHERE IN SAM HILL IS THAT ROCKET GOIN'... WE'RE HEAD-ING INTO THE HILLS! EASY, DRIVER... SLOW UP! WE DON'T WANT THAT EGGHEAD AHEAD TO SPOT US!



TWENTY MINUTES LATER, DEEP IN THE MOUNTAINS....

YOU ARE CRAZY COMING WAY OUT HERE! I CAN GO NO FURTHER! THE ROAD IS TOO ROUGH! IT WILL RUN MY CAR!

OKAY, OKAY, KEEP YER SHIRT ON, PAL!

WE CAN TAIL HIM ON FOOT ALL RIGHT! LET'S GO!



CAUTIOUSLY, THE TRIO ASCEND THE MOUNTAIN! SUDDENLY....

YIPES! HE'S GOT HIMSELF A HIDEOUT IN THE HILL!

WE GOTTA GET INSIDE! WAIT TILL THEY CLOSE THE DOORS AN' WE'LL TAKE A LOOK SEE!



AS SANDY REACHES THE HIDDEN ENTRANCEWAY....

G-O-GREAT GALLOPING GHOSTS!

WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S INSIDE, SANDY?



I-INSIDE HE'S GOT A.... LOOK OUT! ENEMY BEHIND YOU!



H-HOLY COW!

WE'VE STUMBLED INTO AN ARMY!

LET'S GO!



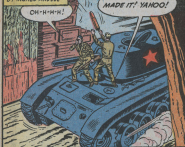
AS THE TRIO OF G.I.'S FLATTEN THE FOE WITH FISTS, HOT LEAD ZINGS THROUGH THE AIR....

YOW! THEY'RE PISHING US OUT THE HOT STUFF!





MIRACULOUSLY, THE CAREENING TANK MISSES THE AMMO BY INCHES AND....



OH-H-H-H!

MADE IT! YAHOO!

HEAD OVER THE BRIDGE! WE GOTTA GET BACK TO TOWN.... THIS MANIAC'S GOT A RED ARMY CAMPED HERE! GOTTA TELL THE AUTHORITIES!



I HEAR YA TALKING, PAL!

HOLD YER HATS! WE'RE OFF AND RUNNING!

LEFT...LEFT! BEAR LEFT YOU BONEHEAD OR WE LAND IN THE DRINK!



SUDDENLY... YEOW!

W-WHAT HAPPENED?



THEY BLEW THE BRIDGE! SKIRT THE HILLSIDE... WE'LL FIND A WAY ACROSS!

THE REDS! THEY'RE LUGGING SOMETHING DOWN THE HILL IN FRONT OF US!



MMFFS! THEY'VE MINED THE HILLSIDE! WE CAN'T GET THROUGH!

HOLD IT, SANDY! WE'LL BE BLOWN APART IF WE GO THROUGH!

UHF!



THEN, AS THE BELAGUERED G.I.'S HOLD A COUNCIL OF WAR....

WE GOT IT GOOD! THEY'LL SHEL US IF WE GO BACK AROUND THE OTHER SIDE AND THEY'VE GOT WINES AND THE RIVER BLOCKING US HERE!

OH, BROTHER, THIS IS GREAT! WE MUST BE FIFTY MILES FROM TOWN... NOBODY'D EVER HEAR THE GUN-FIRE!



NOW! YOU'D HAVE TA BLOW THAT MOUNTAIN TOP OFF BEFORE THE SOUND WOULD CARRY BACK TO TOWN! HECK, THE DRIVER SAID NOBODY EVER COMES OUT THIS WAY!

THE MOUNTAIN TOP!
YEAH... THAT'S IT!



GIMMIE THAT SHELL! WE GOT ONE CHANCE TA FLOW THIS BABY THROUGH THE MOUNTAIN'S WALL AND BLOW THAT AMMO PILE AND RUIN WHATEVER SCHEME VANTOS HAS COOKED UP!

SUFFERING COW! IT COULD BE DONE! B-BUT WE GOTTA SHOOT HER JUST RIGHT!



THEN, AS A RAIN OF LEAD STRIKES THE TANK...

THE AMMO PILE IS TO THE LEFT OF THE ENTRANCE... MAYBE THIRTY FEET OR SO!

AIM IT RIGHT, SANDY... FER PETE'S SAKE, DON'T MISS!



THEN... NOW LET HER RIP!



A SPLIT SECOND LATER A FEARFUL CATAclysm FOMENTS WITHIN THE MOUNTAIN! THE TOP BURSTS ASUNDER!



THE G.I.'S RUSH INTO THE DEBRIS...

VANTOS!

MAKE OFF WITH SOME DOCUMENTS! LOOKS LIKE HE WASN'T TAKING ANY CHANCES THAT WE MIGHT ESCAPE! PROBABLY WANTED TO DESTROY THEM IF WE DID!



HEY, LOOK! HE WAS TRYING TO

WHEN THE DOCUMENTS ARE EXAMINED THREE STUNNED G.I.'S LEARN OF THE GRIM RED PLOT THEY HAVE THWARTED!

GREAT CATS! HE HAD SOME SCHEME! THESE DOCUMENTS ARE PLANS OF EXACTLY HOW VANTOS WAS TO OPERATE HIS SECRET ARMY WHEN HE GOT THE WORD FROM MOSCOW! HE WAS TO ATTACK FROM WITHIN WHEN ITALY WAS RIPE TO BE TAKEN OVER BY THE REDS! A SNEAK PUNCH!

WOW! HE GOT HIS SNEAK PUNCH ALL RIGHT... SQUARE IN THE FACE!



G.I. COMBAT

No Grandstand in Hell



DANNY CARR WAS SITTING ON TOP OF THE WORLD WHEN HIS DRAFT NOTICE CAME! AFTER THAT IT WAS TOUGH GOING FOR BASE-BALL'S MR. BIG UNTIL HE LEARNED THE BLOODY, BASIC FACT OF LIFE IN KOREA -- THAT THERE IS -- **NO GRANDSTAND IN HELL!**

SOMEWHERE THERE IS A REST CAMP WITH HOT BATHS, CLEAN CLOTHES, GOOD FOOD, GIRLS-- BUT NOT HERE, A SCANT MILE BEHIND THE PUNJON LINE IN KOREA!

HEY, HEY YUH DUMB KNOTHEAD! WE GOT ENOUGH MUD IN THIS CHOW NOW!

SHADDUP, GOLLINS! IT'S PROBABLY THE REPLACEMENT HQ WAS SEND-ING UP!



WHEN A VOICE CARRIES THAT SNAP OF ACCUSTOMED AUTHORITY A SOLDIER JUMPS FIRST AND LOOKS LATER!

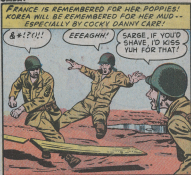
YOU-- SOLDIER GET A PLANK DOWN HERE SO I DON'T HAVE TO STEP IN THAT MUD!

YES, SIR! MURPHY! OLSON! A PLANK ON THE DOUBLE!



UGH! WHAT A PIG STY!





ANY DAY NOW WE'RE
HEADING BACK TO HELL--
WHERE THE GUY WHO
OBEYS ORDERS ON THE
JUMP IS THE GUY WHO
LIVES TO COME BACK!

YOU'RE RIGHT, BUT YOU'VE
GOT A PROBLEM, SARGE!
FROM WHAT I READ, CARR'S
TEMPERMENTAL AS AN
ORCHID! IT OUGHTA BE
FUN TO WATCH!



EXACTLY TEN MINUTES LATER ...

PFC DANNY
CARR REPORT-
ING AS
ORDERED!

CARR, I'VE BEEN
THINKING OF WHAT
YOU SAID AND YOU'RE
ABSOLUTELY RIGHT!
THIS PLACE IS A DIS-
GRACE, WITH THAT
BIG MUD HOLE ...



SO I'M GONNA LET
YOU **EMPTY** THAT
MUD-HOLE! START
SCOOPING, DOG-FACE,
AND BE SURE YOU
DUMP THE MUD FAR
AWAY FROM THE
CAMP!

AWWRK!



AN HOUR LATER, PRIVATE MURPHY
DRIFTED OVER TO THE WEARY GI!

LOOK, SUCKER! WE ALL
KNOW YOU'RE A BASEBALL
WHIZZ, BUT THIS IS WAR
AND THE SARGE KNOWS
HIS JOB! IF YOU'LL
COOPERATE ...

I'LL COOPERATE ---
ANY TIME HE'S GOT
THE GUTS TO SHED
THOSE STRIPES AND
MAKE IT MAN TO MAN!
I KNOW HIS TYPE!



I MADE \$1000 DOLLARS
A WEEK AS THE BIGGEST
PITCHER IN BASEBALL, SO
HE'S JEALOUS! HIS DULL
BRAIN GETS A KICK OUT
OF RIDING SOMEBODY
MORE SUCCESSFUL!

HAVE IT YOUR WAY,
BUT I'VE GOT
ONE PIECE OF
ADVICE!



UP FRONT WE'VE GOT
NO STARS! WE'RE ALL
ON THE SAME TEAM
AND ALL DRAWING
THE SAME PAY!
GOOF OFF ONCE AND
ALL OUR LIVES ARE
AT STAKE!

YEAH, YEAH! YOU
DO YOUR JOB
AND I'LL DO
MINE, FRIEND!
AND SKIP
THE
ADVICE!

THE CONVERSATION WAS SUDDENLY BROKEN OFF BY
A BELLOW FROM THE SERGEANT!

GRAB YOUR GEAR, YOU
LUCKY GUYS! WE'RE
MOVING UP TO THE LINE
TONIGHT! THE REDS
ARE DRIVING AGAIN!

OH, GOODY! I WAS AFRAID
THIS SOFT LIFE WAS
GONNA UNDERMINE MY
MORAL FIBER!



AS THE SHIFT KOREAN NIGHT CLOSES IN, THE MEN PREPARE TO MOVE FORWARD INTO THE BATTLE ZONE, FORWARD INTO HELL!

YOU, CARR-- WHADDAYUH GOT INSIDE THAT SHIRT?

NOT THAT IT'S ANYBODY'S BUSINESS BUT MY OWN SERGEANT, BUT THAT'S **FOOD!** YOU KNOW, SOME PEOPLE **EAT** ONCE IN A WHILE!



DON'T THEY TEACH THESE ROOKIES **ANYTHING?** GET RID OF THAT JUNK RIGHT NOW, CARR, AND MAKE IT **SNAPPY!** NO CANS EXCEPT C-RATIONS!

YOU HAVE TO THROW YOUR WEIGHT, DON'T YOU! I BOUGHT AND PAID FOR THESE! BUT YOU'RE THE **BOSS!**



LET'S GO! AND DON'T FORGET, THE REDS ARE ENFILTERING THE LINES! KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN!

I'VE GOT ONE LITTLE CAN OF SARDINES IN MY POCKET AND I'M KEEPING IT! I CAN'T EAT THAT C-RATION SAW-DUST, THEY HAND OUT!



FORWARD THE REGIMENT SLOGGED, FROM MUD TO THE CHILL, COLD HIGH GROUND -- FROM PEACE TO THE MAD INFERNO OF THE RED GUNFIRE!

YOU MEAN WE HAVE TO GO FORWARD --THROUGH **THAT?**

WHERE WE'RE HEADED IS UP **THERE!** WHERE WE ARE IS **BACK HERE!** YOU GOT ANY BETTER IDEAS, CARR?



AT THAT MOMENT, FROM THE RIDGE ABOVE THEIR TRENCH, THREE REDS ON AN ENFILTERING MISSION PREPARE TO DEAL THEIR DEATH!

AMERICAN REENFORCEMENTS! KILL ALL WE CAN AND PERHAPS OTHERS WILL PANIC AND FLEE!

TRY TO PICK OFF LEADER! STUPID AMERICANS ARE HELPLESS WITH LEADER GONE!



SLOWLY... SLOWLY THE SIGHTS COME TO BEAR ON A BROAD BACK! A FINGER SQUEEZES GENTLY ON THE TRIGGER! A RIFLE BLASTS!

AGHH!

RED SNIPERS! I SAW THE MUZZLE BLAST! I'LL GET 'EM!



YOU DIRTY BUTCHERS! STICK AROUND AND I'LL SHOW YOU HOW IT FEELS!

CARR! COME BACK, YOU IDIOT! THIS IS A PLANNED OPERATION!



BUT PFC DAN CARR HAD NO EARS FOR A TEAM-WORK COMMAND! THERE WAS NO FEAR IN HIM-- ONLY A WILD URGE TO DESTROY AN ENEMY!

DIRTY RED DOGS! TAKE THAT -- AND THAT -- AND THAT!

HE GOT 'EM! DANNY CARR WIPED OUT THE RED SNIPERS!



BUT THERE WERE NO CHEERS FOR DANNY CARR, THE ACE WHEN HE FOLLOWED HIS MATES BACK TO THE LINE OF MARCH!

YOU DUMB ?!(?)! DOUGHFOOT! WE DON'T CHARGE SNIPERS! WE SPREAD OUT AND FLANK 'EM! YOU WERE LUCKY THIS TIME!

OH SURE! AND YOU WERE LUCKY THAT SNIPER'S SLUG ONLY NICKED YOU! NEXT TIME I'LL STAY PUT AND LET 'EM SHOOT YOUR HEAD OFF!



MIRACULOUSLY THE COMPANY WORMED ITS WAY THROUGH THE HELL OF SHELL-BURSTS WITH ONLY MINIMUM CASUALTIES!

DELANEY GOT IT, SARGE! HE'S HIT!

KEEP CRAWLING! THE MEDICS WILL BE IN WHEN THIS SHELLING STOPS!

THE SURVIVORS CAME AT LAST TO THE FOX-HOLES THAT MARKED THE DEFENSE PERIMETER -- HOLES DUG BY MEN NO LONGER ALIVE TO USE THEM!



YOU'RE HOME SANG! DIG IN AND PLANT ROSES! YOU'LL BE HERE TO SEE THEM BLOSSOM -- IF THE REDS DON'T DRIVE YOU OUT!



SETTLED IN HIS FOX-HOLE, DANNY CARR REMEMBERED THE HUNGER THAT HAD GRIPPED HIM AFTER A FRUGAL, UNSATISFACTORY MEAL!

THESE SARDINES WILL TASTE GRAND ABOUT NOW! IMAGINE, ME, DANNY CARR WHO USED TO BUY 34 STEAKS AT THE BEST RESTAURANTS!



I COULD EAT TEN CANS OF THESE! IF IT WASN'T FOR THAT BIG-MOUTH SERGEANT, I'D HAVE A REAL MEAL BEFORE I GET KILLED! HE'S TOO DUMB TO THANK ME FOR GETTING THE RED WHO SHOT HIM!



WHILE IN AN ADJOINING FOX-HOLE A FEW YARDS AWAY!

WEREN'T YOU ROUGH ON CARR, SARGE! HE SHOWED PLENTY OF GUTS, TAKING OUT THOSE RED SNIPERS SINGLE-HANDED!

HE'S GOT GUTS, MURPH-- BUT BARRING A MIRACLE, HE'D HAVE BEEN KILLED AND WED' ALL BE SHORT-HANDED! HE MUST LEARN TEAM-WORK!



G.I. COMBAT

SLOWLY THE TERRIBLE ARTILLERY BATTERING EASES OFF AND WITH THE RISING SUN, RED OBSERVERS TRAIN THEIR GLASSES ON THE UNITED NATIONS LINES!

AMERICAN DOGS ARE DUG IN WELL! IF WE KNEW EXACTLY WHERE THEIR FOXHOLES WERE ...
WHAT IS THIS?



SO TINY A THING AS A SARDINE CAN, WINKING IN THE RAYS OF THE MORNING SUN, CAN BETRAY THE AMERICAN POSITION TO THE ENEMY!



POST TO TANK COMMANDER! STUPID AMERICAN POSITION HAS BEEN DISCLOSED! ATTACK TANGENTS 45 AND 176 AT INTERSECTION!



AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER, IN THE ADVANCED AMERICAN POSITION ...

SARGE A RED TANK -- AND IT'S HEADED RIGHT THIS' WAY! THEY MUST HAVE SPOTTED OUR ADVANCE POST, SOMEHOW!

IF THEY HAVE, WE'RE SUNK! WE HAVEN'T A BAZOOKA OR ANYTHING ELSE BIG ENOUGH TO KNOCK OUT A TANK!



SARGE -- LOOK! SOME LAMBRAIN THREW A TIN CAN OUT THERE, ALL BRIGHT AND SHINY! **THAT'S** WHAT GAVE OUR POSITION AWAY!

THAT \$%!*! DANNY CARR! HE MUSTA HAD ONE CAN STACHED IN HIS POCKET! I'LL TWIST HIS DUMB HEAD OFF!



YOU DUMB JERK! DID YOU TOSS A TIN CAN OVER FRONT LAST NIGHT?

SO WHAT IF I DID? YOU WANT TO MAKE SOMETHING OF THAT, TOO?



NOT ME, BOY! THE REDS ARE COMING TO MAKE PLENTY OF IT! THEY SPOTTED OUR POSITION BY SUNLIGHT ON THAT SHINY TIN!

AWREK! I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT! SO THAT'S WHY YOU SAID NO TIN CANS! BUT WHAT CAN WE DO?



AS THE RED MONSTER LUMBERS INEXORABLY FORWARD, THERE IS NO LONGER ANY PURPOSE IN CONCEALMENT! A HAIL OF HOPELESS FIRE CONVERGES ON THE IMPERIOUS ARMOR!



THE TANK WAS ALMOST UPON THEM, EACH FOXHOLE WITHIN RANGE OF ITS DEADLY TURRET GUN!

DON'T BE SILLY! GIVE ME THOSE GRENADES AND GET YOUR HEAD DOWN! THIS IS IN MY DEPARTMENT NOW!



THOSE NARROW TURRETS AREN'T HALF AS TOUGH TO HIT AS THE SLOT ON HOME BASE IN A REALLY TOUGH GAME!

KID, KID, GET DOWN! DON'T ASK THAT GOOK TO BLOW YOUR HEAD OFF!



STR-R-R-IKE ONE!

WHAT A PITCH!



THE DEADLY ACCURACY THAT PUT DANNY CARR AT THE TOP OF THE PITCHING LEAGUE SENDS THE GRENADE THROUGH THE NARROW SLIT!

HE'S OUT!

SON, I ONLY HOPE TO LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO APOLOGISE!



THE BEST DAWGGONE BULLET-SHIELD WE EVER HAD! GO AHEAD AND RUB IT IN, SON! YOU EARNED IT!

DON'T BE A CHUMP SARGE! YOU CALLED IT ALL THE WAY...EXCEPT ON ONE THING! I OVERHEARD ONE CRACK YOU MADE AND YOU'RE WRONG!

WITH THE RED TANK KNOCKED OUT THE COMPANY KNEW THEY WERE IN THE CLEAR UNTIL REINFORCEMENTS GOT UP TO HANDLE FUTURE ATTACKS!

THERE IS A GRANDSTAND HERE IN HELL! THE WHOLE FREE WORLD IS IN THE GRANDSTAND--WATCHING WHAT WE GO HERE IN KOREA--AND I WANT TO HELP OUR TEAM WIN!

DANNY, YOU'RE OKAY ALL THE WAY! WELCOME TO THE TEAM, BOY!



The Long Trail's End

THE three tattered, bearded GIs crouched by the shack window, peering cautiously out at the gray streak that was definitely and unmistakably outlining the mountain peaks to the east. Private Jones spoke first in a husky whisper. "It's sunrise coming, for sure. So what do we do now? I don't know about you guys, but I just ain't comfortable in a crowd."

There was no answer. All heads swiveled sharply as a loud, ringing clatter and clank echoed from the other direction, so near it seemed to be in the very room with them. Private Ackson shivered. "We oughta win a prize. We crash out of a Red prison camp, dodge Gooks for two days and hole up in what looks like a deserted village. So what happens? A whole Red tank squadron moves in with us. Very chummy."

They crept to the other window. In the shadows, they could see the three steel monsters driven right inside flimsy huts, so that the thatched roofs hid them from prowling UN planes. Now men were moving around the tanks, getting them ready for the day's operations. It was nothing short of a miracle that the Reds, sure that they were far from Allied lines, had not bothered to search the other huts before settling down. But with daylight, anything could happen. And a light snow during the night meant that if they tried to sneak away, their tracks would be seen and followed.

"So we sit," whispered Private Regan dismally. "But I sure wish we had a gun or a grenade or even a knife. I feel naked. But I'd trade 'em all for a bazooka. If there was only some way we could knock out those tanks."

"You got rocks in the head?" Jones demand-

ed. "If we had a can opener maybe we could open 'em up and pour gasoline in—if we had gasoline."

They sat tensely as full daylight drove back the protecting night. The tanks were still there, being serviced for a patrol. Red soldiers were wandering around, now. At any moment one might decide to investigate the hut.

"I hear planes," Regan said sharply. "A squadron of our Sabre Jets. How they'd love to spot these tin cans . . ." He broke off, a grin lifting his mouth. "So why not? Let's have us some fun, guys."

Before they could protest he had snatched out their last precious paper of matches and was igniting the dry straw thatch of their hut roof. The others, starting to protest, saw his plan and grinned. Then everything happened at once.

The straw roof roared up and wind-blown flames whipped down the street. Simultaneously, the Reds yelled and the three fugitive GIs went headfirst out the back window, running frantically for the woods, heedless now of their tracks in the snow. The Reds would be too busy to worry about tracks right now.

And overhead, a Sabre Jet pilot was yelling into his radio mike. "Jackpot! There are three Red tanks down below. Somebody burned their camouflage off and we're going after them." Rockets screamed and thundered, machine guns yammered. Then the pilot spoke again to distant Headquarters. "Mission accomplished, but good. And you'd better send a helicopter over. There are three crazy guys in GI outfits dancing around in the snow down there. I think they want to go home."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, U. S. Code, Section 233) OF G.I. COMBAT, published Monthly at Sparta, Illinois, for October 1, 1954.

1. The name and address of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Everett M. Arnold, 578 Sarver Street, Stamford, Conn.; Editor, Alfred Greese, 347 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing editor, Naam, Business manager, Richard E. Arnold, 347 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Comic Magazines, 578 Sarver Street, Stamford, Conn.; Everett M. Arnold, 578 Sarver Street, Stamford, Conn.; Claire C. Arnold, 578 Sarver Street, Stamford, Conn.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security

holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

(Signed) EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Publisher
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 13th day of September, 1954. (Signed) LOUIS J. KUMARSKY, Notary Public.
(My commission expires April 1, 1959)

Unseen Enemy

HURRY UP, YOU GUYS!
THE ENEMY'S ATTACKIN'!
I CAN'T HOLD 'EM OFF
ALL ALONE!

POOR BARNEY...
HE'S REALLY FLIPPED
HIS LID!

YEAH...KEEPS
GEEIN' COMMIE
TROOPS! AS I SAID,
HE'S COMBAT HAPPY...
A DELAYED CASE
FROM THE KOREAN
WAR!

NO ONE ON
EARTH SUS-
PECTED THAT
THERE WERE RED
SOLDIERS ON
SAISHU ISLAND!
MARINE BARNEY
GIVENS KNEW
BETTER...HE'D TAKEN
POT SHOTS AT THEM!
BUT HOW CAN ONE
SOLDIER HOLD OFF
ATTACKING ENEMY
TROOPS...ES-
PECIALLY WHEN
HIS BUDDIES
DON'T BELIEVE
THAT THEY
EXIST!

THE TIME IS 1951! WAVE AFTER WAVE OF MARINE
ASSAULT BARGES STORM SAISHU ISLAND JUST OFF
THE COAST OF SOUTH KOREA!

WHEEEEEEE!
BARROOOM!

AMONG THE ATTACKING TROOPS WERE
MARINES WILSON, MANSKI AND THEIR BUDDY
BARNEY!

CHINESE
COMMIES...A HORDE
OF 'EM! LET'S CUT 'EM
DOWN, WILSON...MANSKI!

THAT'S WHAT WE'RE
HERE FOR, BARNEY!
SQUEEZE THAT
TRIGGER!





HA, HA, HA... I'VE BEEN WAITIN' FOR THIS DAY EVER SINCE YOU ROTTEN CHARACTERS STUCK YOUR NOSES INTO THIS WAR!

BARNEY SURE HATES THE REDS...

I'LL SAY...

POW!
POW!



THREE DAYS LATER...

LOOKIN' 'EM RUN... WE DROVE 'EM CLEAR OUT TO SEA!

YEAH... THE NAVY WILL TAKE CARE OF THOSE COMMIES NOW! THEY SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN TO TANGLE WITH AN OUTFIT LIKE OURS!

AND MORE THAN THREE YEARS LATER THESE VERY SAME MARINES ONCE AGAIN LAND ON SAISHU ISLAND... BUT FOR A REASON OTHER THAN COMBAT!

FUNNY, ISN'T IT... WE TOOK SAISHU FROM THE COMMIES IN '51! NOW, HEADQUARTERS HAS SENT THE THREE OF US BACK HERE TO SCOUT OUT A LOCATION FOR A WEATHER STATION!

HEY, LOOK GUYS... ONE OF OUR BARGES THE REDS BLASTED! GOSH... THIS KINDA GIVES ME THE... CREEPS!



YEAR... I CAN REMEMBER WHEN THOSE PALM TREES WERE NOTHIN' BUT SPLINTERS! THE NAVY LEVELED THEM WITH THEIR HEAVY STUFF BEFORE WE HIT THE BEACH!

WELL... ENOUGH FOR MEMORIES! LET'S SET UP CAMP SOMEWHERE... IT WILL BE DARK SOON!



AS DUSK SETS IN... AT DAWN TOMORROW WE'LL GO INTO THE HILLS AND SPLIT UP! WE'VE GOT TO FIND THE HIGHEST POINT ON THE ISLAND FOR THAT WEATHER STATION!

T-THE FIRE... IT'S GETTING LOW! I'LL GO AND SCOUT UP SOME WOOD!



WANT ME TO GIVE YOU A HAND, BARNEY?

NAW, MANSKI! YOU AND WILSON FIGURE OUT THE DETAILS FOR TOMORROW! I'LL BRING THIS FIRE WITH ME SO'S I WON'T GET LOST!



A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE CAMP BARNEY GOES ABOUT HIS BUSINESS WHEN...

THIS HUNK OF LUMBER SHOULD BURN ALL NIGHT... H-HUH?





Y-YIPES!

REDS... FIVE OF 'EM!
I MUST BE SEEN!
THINGS... NO... THEY'RE
THERE... AND ME
UNARMED! WHAT'LL
I DO?



WONDER WHY THEY DON'T SHOOT...
WHATA THEY WAITIN' FOR? IF I
COULD ONLY GET TO MY RIFLE
BACK AT CAMP... WARN WILSON
AND MANSKI! I-I
GOTTA TRY...



REDS! WILSON... MANSKI!
WE GOT COMPANY... A
PACK OF COMMIES!



TURNING BACK TO THE ENCAMP-
MENT, BARNEY BLURTS OUT THE
STARTLING NEWS TO HIS DWAB-
FOUNDED BUDDIES!

WHAT? YOU MUST
BE CRAZY,
BARNEY! THERE ARE
NO COMMIE SOLDIERS
ON THIS ISLAND...
IT'S BELOW THE
38TH PARALLEL!
CRAZY, MY
EYE! I COULDA
REACHED
OUT AND
SHIFFED ONE
OF 'EM!
NOW STOP
JABBERIN'
AND GRAB YOUR
RIFLES!



RETURNING TO THE AREA, BARNEY
APPEARS SHOCKED AS...

G-GONE... BUT THEY WERE HERE
JUST A MINUTE AGO! C'MON
OUT, YOU CHARACTERS!
WE'LL TAKE YA AGAIN LIKE
WE DID BACK IN
ST!

BARNEY...
TAKE IT EASY!
THERE'S
NOTHIN'
OUT THERE!



OF COURSE NOT! YOU
PROBABLY SAW A
REFLECTION OF THE FIRE
OFF THE LEAVES AND...
IMAGINED THINGS!

NUTS! I SAW REDS...
FIVE OF 'EM! SO...
YOU BOYS DON'T
BELIEVE ME!



OKAY... OKAY... BUT FROM HERE ON IN
I'M KEEPIN' MY EYES OPEN AND MY
FINGER ON THE TRIGGER!
SOMEBODY'S GOTTA PROTECT YOU
GUYS FROM BEIN' SHOT!

RETIRING FOR THE NIGHT, MANGSI AND WILSON LOOK ON IN DISBELIEF AT THEIR BUDDY!

LOOK AT HIM, WILSON...THE GUYS ACTUALLY GUARDING THE CAMP! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT?

I DON'T KNOW... MAYBE BARNEY'S JUST GOT THE JITTERS! I GUESS HE'LL GET OVER IT IN THE MORNING!



BUT BARNEY IS FAR FROM FORGETTING THE EPISODE THE NEXT MORNING!

WARNIN' YOU TWO FOR THE LAST TIME...GET INTO YOUR COMBAT OUTFITS AND ARM TO TO THE TEETH! THE REDS WILL PROBABLY HIT US FOR SURE TODAY!

WE'LL RISK IT AS WE ARE, EH, MANSKI?

YEAH...YOU KNOW, I HEARD SOMETHIN' ABOUT AN ARMISTICE WITH THE REDS!



AW RIGHT, GO AHEAD AND LAUGH! IT'S JUST POSSIBLE WE DIDN'T WIPE OUT EVERY RED ON THIS ISLAND BACK IN '51! AND IF WE DIDN'T...HOW WOULD THEY KNOW ABOUT AN ARMISTICE?

WHAT DID THEY LIVE ON... COCONUTS ALL THIS TIME?

HA, HA!



AS THE TRIO SPLIT UP TO SCOUT THE AREA FOR A POSSIBLE LOCATION FOR A FUTURE WEATHER STATION!

WE'LL MEET BACK HERE AT EXACTLY 1100 HOURS, MEN! KEEP ALERT FOR FLAT LEVEL LAND AT THE HIGHEST POINT YOU CAN FIND!

THAT'S THE SECOND THING I'LL BE WATCHIN' FOR... THE FIRST ONE'S REDS!



SLOWLY...CAUTIOUSLY, BARNEY MAKES HIS WAY ALONG A MOUNTAIN PATH!

I-I HOPE I GET FIRST CRACK AT 'EM...THE OTHER GUYS WOULDN'T STAND A CHANCE UNARMED! IF ONLY I COULD FIND ME ONE RED TO PROVE TO WILSON AND MANSKI I'M NOT CRAZY...



OH, OH...PEBBLES FROM ABOVE! NOW IF THERE WAS A WAR ON... AND I WAS IN COMBAT...

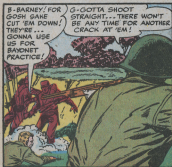


...I'D SHOOT FIRST AND ASK QUESTIONS LATER... WHA! REDS... THREE OF 'EM!





G.I. COMBAT





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